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LANDSCAPE—SUNSET  
By George Innes

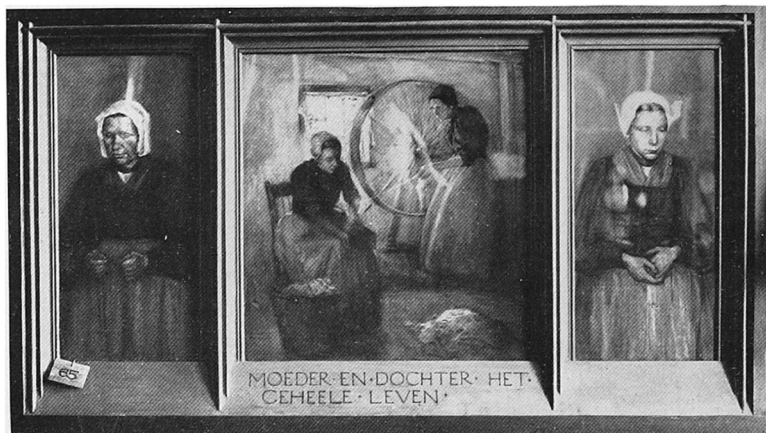


# BRUSH AND PENCIL

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MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

By Marcia Oakes Woodbury

## PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES OF FAIR WOMEN

Surely in the crown of life a good and beautiful woman is the richest jewel. Modern society for the most part, however, is quite content if she has only the beauty, and modern art does not worry itself at all about the characteristics of a subject, good or bad, if she but possess the desired harmony of fine coloring, graceful lines, and pretty gowns.

"Why should I be good: am I not beautiful?" was the retort, full of latter-day sophistry, of a Parisian dancer a few years ago to an admirer who had old-fashioned ideals of womanhood. Nor did the fact that the dancer subsequently decorously sent memorial wreaths to be laid upon the graves of three suicide lovers deter the world—of Paris—from worshipping her beauty, acclaiming her infamy, and showering its golden praise upon her.

Yet it is just in this disregard of—or shall we say blindness to?—the soul behind the countenance, the character within the mask of flesh and blood, that sets a gulf between the "old masters" and the new. In the recent loan exhibition of Portraits of Fair Women, held in



MINIATURE

By Edward G. Malbone

Boston by the Copley Society, an association of artists and art-lovers, this difference was only the more marked by reason of the great diversity and very high quality of the pictures exhibited.

The masters—why should they be called “old” who are ever young with the immortality which genius bestows?—painted life rather than its superficial aspects. In the hundred masterpieces from the older Dutch, Flemish, English, and American schools shown on this occasion, it was very generally apparent that the artists held as a fundamental purpose the expression of the inner nature of their sitters. And simply

because of this intention, carried out with a dogged devotion to what they regarded as the chief principle involved in their craft, life itself radiates to-day from canvases cracked and marred by time; virile and impressive, even through the frequent absurdities of their conventions in treatment and use of color. They painted for all time.

The modern painters, represented in this exhibition by a nearly equal number of portraits, should receive full praise for certain very sure excellences in their work. Just now the point, however, is one of contrast and contention. The latter-day painter of *genre* pictures is apt to be a little too clever to be convincing, too spectacular to be sincere, too prismatic to be profound. At the risk of losing our card at the Boston Public Library, Mr. Abbey may be mentioned as an illustrious example. Several other alliterative objections might be raised in showing that the externals rather than the eternals make the strongest appeal to the majority of modern artists. Too many of their pictures remind us of the magazine



PORTRAIT

By Sir Peter Lely

covers, which every one knows are often extremely pretty and well done, but being printed on wood-pulp paper cannot last forever. They are of the hour, fleeting.

And it is the wood pulp in the art of to-day that makes us turn with tenderness and reverence to the vellum and age-pitted marble and dingy canvases of bygone times; to feel again and again the thrill of the consecration and the loving labor that made them great and enduring. This is why we shall be contented with citing a few of the names of the men whose work has outlived their century and belongs to the future as well as to the past, and shall hasten on to speak of those whom it is still possible to ask to dine with us, and tease a little over the wine and walnuts about the success of their latest contribution to Art—capitalized.

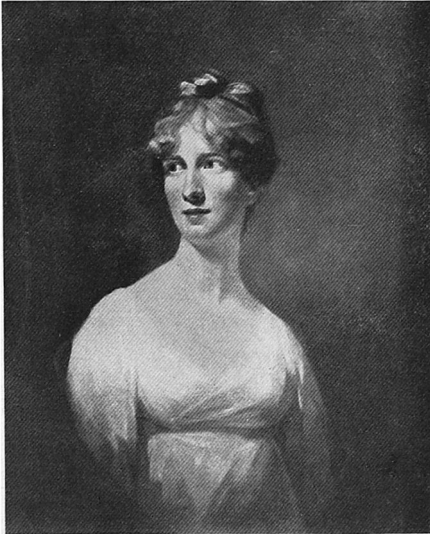
Not altogether, lest by the morrow their pictures be forgotten. There is promise and strength, and greatness even, in many of these pictures upon which the varnish still glistens. And with no intention of hedging in respect to our attitude toward the art of the past, we

must confess to a weakness for the light and aplomb and dexterity revealed by the work of these young fellows whose successes are personal joys and whose futures we believe in.

The old Dutch and Flemish schools were strongly represented by works of such artists and their contemporaries as Rubens, Cuyp, de Keyser, Elias, Hannemann, Kneller, Mierevelt, Moreelse, Pourbus, Van Vliet, Snyders, Van der Helst, Van Orley, Van Ravesteyn, and Van Thulden. The paintings of these and other men of their time formed the backbone of the exhibition. Among the early British painters were Gainsbor-



MINIATURE  
By John A. MacDougall



PORTRAIT OF MRS. STRACHAN  
By Henry Raeburn

ough, Cosway, Hogarth, Hoppner, Lawrence, Lely, Raeburn, Reynolds, Romney; and Sully, Boucher, Greuze, Le Brun, and Natoire were important names among the early French painters represented,



PORTRAIT  
By Lilla Cabot Perry

and the American trio of Stuart, Copley, and Trumbull, surrounded by many less imposing artists of the young republic, made in all a comprehensive showing of famous names and pictures.

Upon this substantial basis the contemporary artists brought forth a creditable display of portraits, hardly one bad enough to be disagreeable about, and quite a number of genuine and probably enduring

merit. In the handling of light, in grace of pose and disposition of accessories, in definite use of color to attain definite effects, these modern painters must find their chief reasons for exultation. At least many of them paint what they see with fine perception, sure touch, and much imaginative feeling. They merit the highest praise.

Among the artists of the modern schools of England, France, Italy, and America were Millais, Shannon, Rossetti; Corot, Chaplin, Collin, Constant, Coutuse, Dagnan-Bouveret, Duran, Henner, Monet, de Chavannes; the Swedish painter Zorn; Bellini, Boldini; Alexander, Benson, Chase, Dewing, Duveneck, Hunt, Kronberg, Melchers, Paxton, Reid, Sargent, Tarbell, Thayer, Tompkins, Wier, Beaux, Woodbury, and many others, all artists of reputation.



PORTRAIT  
By Caliga



PORTRAIT OF MRS. DEWITT CLINTON  
By John Trumbull

Columns of description of the paintings of these artists have appeared from time to time in books and in the press. The miniaturists, however, have received scant notice by critics and reviewers. The superb collection of miniatures that filled one of the smaller rooms of the Copley Society formed one of the chief attractions of the show. It is doubtful if so large and representative a number of miniatures has ever been gathered together in this country at one time, and it is to do justice to this neglected but important body of workers that we shall devote the rest of this review.

For the miniature, we venture to predict, is to be





PORTRAIT MINIATURE  
By Jean N. Oliver

in the coming time the highest and final expression of art and beauty. It is already, in fact, the jewel in the crown of art, a crystallization of all delicacy, rarity, and perfection of color and draftsmanship. It is a sonnet in color, a thing to dream over, to love, and to hold next to the heart, to hand down as an heirloom of sentiment to those we care for most. Its greatness lies in its personal and intimate appeal, its preciousness is its purpose. The art of the miniaturist has seldom been prostituted to the interpretation of the ugly or the commonplace; its domain is the realm of pure beauty, of childhood and maidenhood and woman-

hood at their sweetest and truest and best. The miniature will live when other pictorial art is forgotten.

After the almost overpowering size and dignity of the principal pictures of the Copley exhibition, it was a relief to drift with the crowd into the smaller room reserved for the miniatures. These lovely little ivories had each a history much greater than themselves, especially those of the earlier painters in this line, and they exhaled the poetry and romance of old days like withered flowers.

According to the best authorities, the first English painter of miniatures was a woman. When Hans Holbein made his second journey to England he found one Lavina Teirlinck drawing a large salary as court painter, her work consisting chiefly of miniatures of court beauties and dandies. Hol-



PORTRAIT  
By Adelaide Cole Chase



bein did not disdain a little later to study miniature painting under Horsbout. Nicholas Hillard was the first miniature painter of English



SOUVENIR OF THE ORIENT  
By Louis Kronberg

parentage, and he had no worthy rival throughout the long reign of Elizabeth. His popularity continued into the reign of James. He made the celebrated portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots. Follow-

ing him came the two Olivers, father and son, Isaac and Peter. In the Copley Hall was exhibited a life-size portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, credited to Sir Anthony Van Dyck, but the miniature upon the breast of her Grace was painted by Peter Oliver—an inter-



MOTHER AND CHILD  
By B. Jenks

esting instance of artistic collaboration. Hillard Van Dyck's portrait of James I. was modeled upon a miniature by the older Oliver, while the likeness of Lady Lucy Percy, by Peter Oliver, had been called the best miniature in existence.

The wonderful miniatures, five in number, painted by Richard Cosway, about 1770, were good examples of the older school of

miniature-painting. His portrait of his wife, and that of the Duchess of Marlborough, were fine examples of his style. The color in his works is as fresh to-day as when they were painted, in all probability, and the titles of his sitters read like a page from the "Peerage."

Edward Green Malbone may be claimed as the first American miniature-painter. The modernity of his treatment makes his work especially interesting, and in some way he succeeded in escaping the stiffness of pose and costume that belonged to his time, which



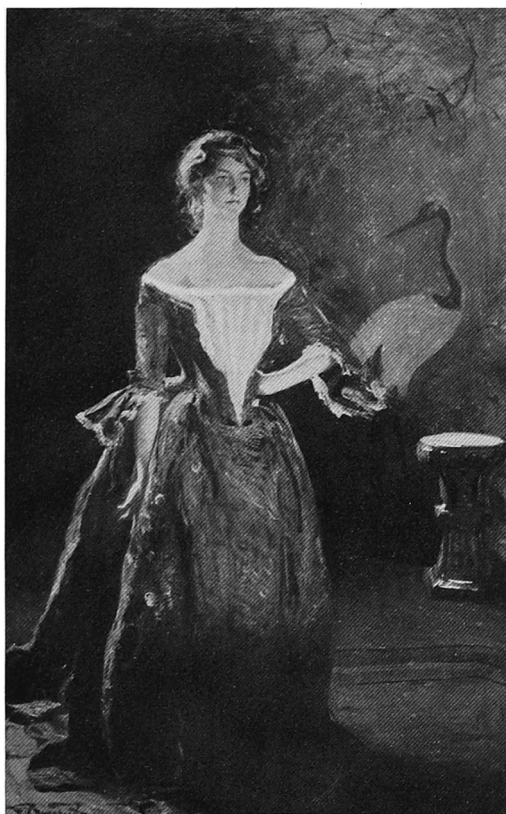
PORTRAIT MINIATURE  
By Sally Cross



PORTRAIT OF MISS MADELINE DAVIS  
By Laura Coombs Hills

was the latter part of the eighteenth century. A contemporary of Malbone was John Singleton Copley, who was represented in the miniature exhibit by several effective portraits. There was a little sameness in the types portrayed in these old miniatures. There was the haughty young beauty with a "prunes and prisms" mouth, and the slanting shoulders of the period, which made the low-cut bodice almost a necessity and absolutely a fashion—as no other dress would fit properly. Then the powdered older dames in gorgeous gowns and jewels and ruffles, severely splendid, and the high-colored

young grandmothers, who adopted caps at the age of thirty or less, and placed them demurely above their bright brown hair and unlined foreheads, and with a patient folding of their tapering hands, sat for



PORTRAIT  
By Frank Benson

their straight-forward miniatures. And there were matrons of a later period, with their shining locks smoothly drawn over their little pink ears and away from their rather tombstone-like foreheads, with honest round eyes and pink complexions—all these dear ghosts of a forgotten time; in their tarnished oval cases, looked down upon the visitor with a serene candor and dignity.

Very different were the modern miniatures, and one realized that here there had been great advance in composition, in grace of pose, in truth of color over the works of the past, fine and wonderful as many of them are. The mouths and the eyes looked human,

the complexions were those of flesh and blood, and not of Dresden china, the hair dared to curl, and the gowns were astounding creations of silk and velvet and satin. The individualities of the sitters were more suggestively treated, and the subjects considered as a part of a decorative scheme. Miss Laura Hill's "Lady in Yellow" was an example of this. The color scheme was a thing to marvel at, for it is a difficult thing to make flesh look like anything else than cheese when painted

against a yellow or deep saffron background.

Lucia Fairchild Fuller's six miniatures were all of well-known people, and while lacking a little in variety, made a handsome showing. Miss Jean Oliver's portrait of a lady in the dress of the early last century was attractive for its quaint simplicity. Maria J. Streat, of New York, showed three excellent miniatures. Her technique suggests that of Nicholas Hillard, who painted his portraits of Queen Elizabeth, by her order, without any shadows. Miss Streat does not do this exactly, but she poses her subjects in as full light as possible,



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WINSLOW  
By John Singleton Copely



A FLOWER  
By John W. Alexander

and then bravely paints them—well and acceptably.

Two portraits of Mrs. Oliver Ames, by J. Otis Minot, attracted much attention for several reasons. The charming beauty of the subject was still further enhanced by the exquisite skill in their painting and the richness of the framing. His style is decidedly sumptuous, and there is a feeling that he should attempt only the most elegant side of life, for these two portraits are superbly rich in technique and finish. The magnificent frames of gold and diamonds emphasized the brilliancy of the work itself.

W. J. Baer was well represented by his famous "Golden Hour," loaned by Mrs. Corning Clark, of New York. The two beautiful women in profile, whose floating, wind-blown golden and reddish brown hair is outlined against an appropriate background, suggest the last hour of the sun, and made a strong impression on the observers.

One most romantic and curious miniature was by an unknown artist. It was of small size, and the colors were produced in enamel on copper. The young girl's face was half hidden by a black mask, but the eyes gleaming through it were of diamonds. The frame was set with pearls and decorated with enamel, making the whole medallion a most unique and costly curio. This miniature came from the French Quarter of New Orleans several years ago, and its history is unknown.

Other notable miniatures were by Miss Ethel Blanchard, Dudley Carpenter, Hue Debreval, Greuze, Miss Caroline Holley, John MacDougall, Miss Ethel B. Underwood, Miss Grace Hall, and many others. In fact, not one of the hundred miniatures that composed this phase of the Copley Society's exhibition was without interest and value, and the best of them showed what may be expected of this exquisite art, that is yearly widening its influence among both artists and the real lovers of art.

OLIVER HINGSTON BALDWIN.



A STUDY  
By Ethel Blanchard